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Voices and Visions

A Collection of Verse, Chiefly Occasional

By

FRANKLIN BALDWIN WILEY



BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

1904

My

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INSCRIPTION

TO THE LADY OF THE FLOWERS

Fair in thy garden of the golden years,
Amid thy flowers—the red, red rose of cheer,
The white roses of gentleness and patience,
And the lilies of charity and faith,—
I see thee stand, transfigured in the bale
Penumbra of the dying day, a flower
Amid thy flowers. Above the dreaming hills
The star of love shines in the luminous west,
And through the stilly air from days afar
The bells of memory peal a silver chime.

Still die in melody and swell again,
Dear cadences, that hearkening we may know
Once more the sweetness of the days far past,
The long, serene, clear shining Summer days,
Wherein we walked through scented meadows
starred
With ox-eyed daisies, or along the cool,
Fresh woodland ways with clustering locust
blooms
O'erhung.

O Lady of the Flowers, still
Thy full-blown lilies and thy garden's pride
Of queenly roses can not touch thy heart
Like humble wildflowers plucked beside the
way.

Therefore have I together brought for thee
These so long scattered wildflowers widely
plucked
In brief, sweet moments of the passing years—
In brief, sweet moments when some blossoming
bank
Beguiled me from the beaten track.

Take thou
∴∴∴ The poor, imperfect blossoms, Dear, that so,
∴∴∴ If they have aught of sweetness, they may
∴∴∴ bring ∴∴∴
The sweetness of those other blossoms back
In days to come when thou and I no more
Shall wander in the meadows and the woods
Through long, serene, clear shining Summer
days.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
VARIOUS VERSES:	
Of Roadside Rhymes—	
I. "These Roadside Rhymes, like Mile-	
stones, Mark"	11
II. "These Roadside Rhymes were Writ	
to Cheer"	11
An Echo from the Night.....	12
The Ideal World.....	13
Intercession	15
The Drive	15
With a Copy of Captain Charles King's	
"Between the Lines".....	17
Couleur de Rose.....	17
A Bride of Song.....	19
Spring	20
The Mirror	21
Ad Patres	23
Flowers That Never Fade.....	24
On Longfellow's "Evangeline".....	26
"Now Slumbering Memories Wake"...	27
Saint Agnes	29
Boating on the St. Lawrence.....	31
Sunset on the St. Lawrence.....	32
A Token	34
"Only Man Is Vile".....	34
O Lovely Land!.....	35
Rebuked	36
Bryanti Mors	37
The Lark	38
Proëm to a Collection of Pastorals....	39
Threnodia	40

	PAGE
With a Bouquet of Roses.....	41
At South Duxbury.....	42
A Ballad of Reassurance.....	43
The Pessimist's Plaint.....	44
Waiting	45
To Irene	45
A Gypsy Glee.....	46
Somnia Vana	48
St. Valentine's Eve.....	49
With a Book of Tales.....	50
"O Thou Art Like a Flower".....	50
Ad Finem	51
A Christmastide Appeal.....	53
The Coral Spray.....	54
Ave atque Vale.....	56
The First Anniversary.....	57
A Song of "Seventy-Nine".....	58
The Echoed Strain.....	60

IN LIGHTER MOOD:

"In Lighter Mood".....	63
Roller Riding on the Lawn.....	63
In Acknowledgment	64
Birthday Lines	66
In Scots—	
I. Wi' a Buke on Edinboro'.....	67
II. Wi' a Buke and a Purse.....	68
The Song of the Troubadour.....	69
What a Sandwich Mayflower Said....	71
Hiram and Hannah.....	72
Jamie and the Rosebud.....	74
The Break-Up of the Blithe Triumvirate	75
The Battle of Springfield.....	76
Dream Verses	78

LOVE AND THE MUSE:

	PAGE.
Premonition	81
Rhodope: A Reminiscence.....	81
The Golden Minute.....	84
Eros	85
The Grey Ladye	86
"Sweetheart, in Thee".....	87
"To One I Love".....	88
Love and Time—	
I. The Lover	88
II. The Bride	89
III. The Honeymoon	91
IV. The Loss	91
V. The Hope	92

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*Now one by one the visions fly,
And one by one the voices die.*

*More distantly the accents ring,
More frequent the receding wing.*

*Full dark shall be the days in store,
When voice and vision come no more!*

—ALDRICH.

VARIOUS VERSES

. *Meseemed*
I too had in my body breath to wind
The magic horn of song.
—ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

OF ROADSIDE RHYMES

I

These roadside rhymes, like milestones, mark
The track I trod in times
When I could write from dawn till dark
These roadside rhymes.

From life's broad highway, that begrimes
With dust of care and cark
And grief, I stepped aside betimes,

And lit by light from life's red spark
Of dawn in fancy's climes,
I caught from song's high-soaring lark
These roadside rhymes.

II

These roadside rhymes were writ to cheer
Companions who, at times,
Worn out with toil, were glad to hear
These roadside rhymes.

They lack the liquid note that chimes
In poet-accent's clear
From occident to orient climes:

Yet you who lend a listening ear
May find, perchance, at times,
You, too, are heartened when you hear
These roadside rhymes.

AN ECHO FROM THE NIGHT

An echo from thy halls, imperial Night—
A silvery cadence from encircling skies—
Steals down the corridors of air to smite
My straining ear, and dies.

Borne hither from the chiming orbs of flame
Where Aphrodite beams and Eros burns—
A swift reminder sent—from space it came,
And into space returns.

Yet still the temple of my spirit rings
With sky-born harmonies, and in my ears
Still sounds the swan-like sweep of mighty
wings
That seek remoter spheres.

O mystic echo, whose immortal sound
I faintly caught amid the clash and din
Of warring passions battling for the ground
Surrendered unto sin,

Thou dost encourage me, though spent with
strife
And sorely wounded, to resist the Foe
Whose giant onset would o'erwhelm my life,
And lay its high aims low.

Thy crystal note hath called my soul to arms ;
On, on I press, above all base delay,
Where unborn beauty lures with fleeting
charms
Far up the primrose way.

THE IDEAL WORLD

When sudden stars in twilight skies
Contend with day's departing beam,
The Ideal World's fair portals rise
Mid golden glow and silvery gleam:
And they, who pass its glimmering gates,
Attain a land of perfect peace,
Where heavenly bliss forever waits,
And earthly woes forever cease;
And storms ne'er cloud the welkin's blue,
Nor lash to foam the sapphire seas;
But softly drops the nightly dew,
And sweetly blows the fragrant breeze;
And beauty broods o'er hill, and cave,
And field, and dell forevermore;
And music steals from every wave
That ripples up the curving shore.

No Summers shed a sultry glare
On dusty plains and wilting bowers;
No Autumns fill the mournful air
With falling leaves and withered flowers;
No Winters freeze the flowing streams,
And darkly drive the drifting snow;
Eternal Spring forever beams
From stars above on flowers below:
For subtle change, and slow decay,
And grim destruction cannot mar
A single bud, or leaf, or spray,
Nor quench a solitary star;
But far beyond those towers of pearl
The vales extend, the plains expand,
And time and death can ne'er unfurl
Their standards in that sunset land.

Each year, each month, each fleeting day,
Each passing minute's headlong flight,
Bears something from our lives away
To flourish in those fields of light ;
Each glory of the growing past
Seeks refuge in that world of bliss,
Whose widening bounds grow yet more vast
With every moment fled from this :
There envy's sneer and hatred's frown
Are banished from each blissful face,
And foiled ambition finds the crown
It lost in its terrestrial race ;
There mercy dries the mourner's tear,
And smooths the wrinkled brow of care ;
And every form that faded here
In deathless life is blooming there.

Ah, when the lustrous evening star
Allures us to that still retreat,
And earth's vain tumult dies afar
As up we fare on winged feet,
And all our woes and all our cares—
Like Christian's burden—disappear
Before the soft and soothing airs
That wander through that happy sphere.
How sweet the oft recurring thought
That when our low descending sun
At last attains the goal it sought,
And life's eventful day is done,—
Perchance beyond the fatal stream,
Within the realm gold paved and pearly,
We may complete this earthly dream
And find in heaven our Ideal World.

INTERCESSION

ON OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S SEVENTIETH
BIRTHDAY

Touch gently, Time, his heart whose flow
Has filled the years with strains of sweetness—

Whose morning flush, whose noonday glow
Melt into evening's bright completeness:

His fading locks—O tell us, Time,
Thy frosty breath this change has wrought
'em,

But that beneath the crusted rime
Repose the ripened fruits of Autumn.

And thou, kind Nature, though we know
His life has filled thine olden measure,
Let health delay the hand of snow
Which numbing death extends at pleasure.

Today he reaps what he has sown
At festal board and friendly meeting;
The harvest of his life is mown
And garnered in a nation's greeting.

THE DRIVE

'T was Youth who drove with us that summer
eve,

And Love who held the reins. We know it
now;

But then we thought ourselves alone, nor
dreamed

That none save Love could so have winged the
flight

Of leaden-footed Time, and none save Youth
Could so have thrilled us with life's rapturous
joy.

Ah, now we drive alone indeed! But then
We ate of love's ambrosial fruit, and drank
The wine of ecstasy.

O youth! O love!

Scarce had we started ere the miles were past,
The winding wood-roads and flower-bordered
lanes;

And lo, before us Point Peninsula!
So soon! we sighed, and gazed across the bay,
Whose waveless waters glassed a cloudless
heaven.

But who shall tell in words of those dear hours
When, homeward faring, side by side we sat
Behind the speeding horses, you and I,
Dumb with the bliss of sweet companionship,
Watching the moon come up, the long day
wane,

And every tremulous sea-shell tint on high
Mirrored in broad Ontario's bosom, till
The road curved inland, and the brown dusk
fell,

And Dian whitened all the fields, and turned
The dark to silver, and the night-wind blew!

O love! O youth! how soon the night-wind
blew!

WITH A COPY OF CAPTAIN CHARLES
KING'S "BETWEEN THE LINES"

"Between the lines" the bugles peal,
The guidons fly, the squadrons wheel,
The watch-fires glow ; at dead of night
Swift hoofs are heard ; and morn is bright
With flash of gun and glint of steel.

But heart doth still to heart reveal,
While sabres clash and troopers reel,
The love that burns with radiant light
"Between the lines."

So in life's conflict, grim and real,
'Mid blare and pomp and strife, I feel
That heart may still with heart unite,
And teach thee, love, to read aright
The thought I hint, yet half conceal,
"Between the lines."

COULEUR DE ROSE

Emblems found not in the azure heaven,
In the golden sun, the silver star,
On the bank with purple violets paven,
In the milk-white petaled nenuphar ;

Emblems found not in the emerald rushes,
Mirrored in the wave that round them flows,
Live immortal in the vernal blushes
Of the garden's queen—the crimson rose.

For those blushes symbolize the sources
Of the life in earth, and sea, and air—
Breathing in unsyllabled discourses
Of a beauty that is everywhere.

In each artery's pulsing current flashes
Rosy tints that life imprisons there—
Tints it woos within its myriad meshes
From the crystal of the hueless air.

In the dark blue dome that o'er us closes,
Gemmed with rolling worlds that gleam afar,
Sparkle through a veil of dewy roses
Dawn's pale orb and evening's placid star.

All around us roseate dyes are glowing,
In the earth below, the skies above;
But the tenderest tints in their bestowing
Mantle softly o'er the cheek of love:—

Love that seeks the maiden in all ages,
As the sunbeam seeks the rose's bud,
Till its rubric on her cheeks' pure pages
Quivers warmly through in telltale blood:—

Love that bids through life its damask linger
On that cheek from whose chill, changeless
air

Death, with pallid brow and pulseless finger,
Plucks the rose, and plants the lily there.

A BRIDE OF SONG

To the fields, in the dusk when the fireflies
glowed,

From the heights she wandered down ;
But not by the broad and beaten road,
Nor the footpath worn and brown ;
With a light, free step she turned aside
From the travelled and dusty way,
To follow where fancy led her wide
From the paths of others astray.

By the winding stream, through the darkling
wood,

She roamed at her own sure will ;
And she loved the midnight solitude,
So solemn and sweet and still ;
And ever and aye she lifted her voice,
And sang of the mountain air,
And the peaks of snow in the sunrise glow,
And the glory that gathers there.

O strive—was her song—to leave behind
These valleys afar from the skies !

O breast the breath of the mountain wind,
And struggle and climb and rise !

Through the night she sang, and the darkest
time

Before daybreak was bright
With the starry hope and the faith sublime
She brought from the mountain height.

Then at last o'er the vine-clad crags she went
In the dawn of a cloudless day ;

And the sound of her wildwood song, unspent,
Passed echoing far away ;

Fainter and fainter the singing grew,
And died with the dying night ;
For from the east as the singing ceased
Flew an arrow of ardent light.

Up to the zenith the bright shaft sped,
And others followed it fast,
Till the whole broad east was a shimmer of red,
And the night for aye was past ;
And the watchers cried, She came to us when
We were in our sorest need ;
She made hope rise in our hearts again
By the song that inspires the deed ;
Through the long, dark night she kept alive
Our courage with words of flame ;
Through the long bright day let us upward
strive
To the far heights whence she came.

SPRING

Spring breathes—her respiration breaks
The melting robe of crusted snow ;
She whispers—each blue violet wakes,
The robins build, the roses blow :
Winter is past indeed ! Life takes
A fresher look, a brighter glow ;
And in each heart the violet wakes,
The robins build, the roses blow.

THE MIRROR

In my room, upon the mantel, rests a mirror in
its frame ;

And some gorgeous tiger-lilies, dashed with
black and fringed with flame,
Mottled brown, and green, and golden, cluster
gaily round the same.

Many quaint and curious objects are reflected
in the glass ;

Many faces peer into it ; many sunbeams, and
alas !

Many shadows there are mirrored as the hours
slowly pass.

But the shadows and the sunbeams on its pol-
ished surface cast,

And the faces and the figures one by one go
flitting past,

Till the silence and the darkness find it all un-
stained at last.

And the burning tiger-lilies, those in bud and
those in bloom,

Never droop, nor wilt, nor wither in the hot air
of my room—

In the sultry breath of summer—in the sun-
shine and the gloom.

Round the glass their glowing petals shine as
fresh and bright of hue

As when they were first depicted by the skilful
hand which drew

With a touch beneath whose magic leaves and
flowers fairly grew.

May your life, O lovely artist, like the gift you
gave to me,
While reflecting every object which around
that life may be,
Always mirror heaven's true sunlight, while its
shadows ever flee.

May your friendships, like the flowers that
around the mirror twine,
Never fading, never changing, whether earthly
or divine,
Round your whole existence cluster till its light
has ceased to shine.

And as silently and slowly o'er that light the
dark is cast,
May the manifold reflections one by one go
fitting past,
And the white and dreamless angel find it all
unstained at last.

AD PATRES

(P. T. B., APRIL 7, 1891)

He is dead, alas the day! the sturdy Show-
man;

The Prince of the menagerie and the Ring,
In whom the Fire-King found a dauntless foe-
man,

Who defied the worst that cruel fate could
bring;

Who fought his way through failure and dis-
aster

To the summit of success that lured afar,
And became, by dint of perseverance, master

Of the guiding reins of Fortune's golden
car.

His ruddy fire of life kept grandly roaring

In the dark and dismal chimney of the years,
Upon all who gathered round it ever pouring

From its glowing heart of flame the light
that cheers;

On the open hearth whence sparkling shot its
flashes,

Diverting and delighting humankind,

There is nothing but a handful of white ashes,
And a chilliness and stillness left behind.

He is dead who filled the world with harmless
pleasure;

Who made the little Bright-Eyes dance with
glee

By discovering "woolly" marvels without
measure,

And a "gyascutus" wonderful to see;

Whose astounding advertisements shed a glory
On the humblest of the tumblers in the ring;
And whose life was like the fascinating story
Of some hero, bards delighted once to sing.

There are countless homes in hamlet and in
city,
There are squalid haunts of poverty and
crime,
That to him owe joy and pleasure, help and
pity,—
Where his memory will be cherished for all
time;
Farewell, noble soul, so brave and unembittered,
Still regretted by the world from which thou
slipp'st;
Through thy thread of life Death's gleaming
shears have glittered,
And the gayety of nations is eclipsed.

FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE

(WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE BLASCHKA GLASS
MODELS IN THE HARVARD MUSEUM.)

As frail as the buds that first
In the bosom of spring are nursed,
As fair as the blossoms gay
In the coronal of May,
As bright as the flowers that swoon
In the sultry breath of June
Are these sprays that seem to have grown
In the suns of a native zone;

Glowing with tints as rare
As their living sisters share ;
As real to observing eyes,
Here each bloom in its beauty lies,
Once hid in the ductile glass,
Now out of the plastic mass
By the deft artificers made
Flowers that never fade.

The blossoms that genius brought
To the studio ere it wrought,
By the magic of its art,
Each exquisite counterpart,
In the dust of yesterday
Have withered and crumbled away ;
And the master whom all deplore
Will reënter nevermore
The home at Hosterwitz,
Where a lonely artist sits ;
But by secrets none may guess,
Lo ! in lasting loveliness,
Here, here are blooming still
The flowers he formed at will ;
And a filial love still lays
On his bier these fadeless bays.

The varying seasons bring
No change to this blossoming :
The spring never ends for these
Enduring anemones ;
The summer's reign never closes
For these perennial roses ;
The autumn's horn never holds
Even one of these marigolds ;

And the winter never comes
To these bright chrysanthemums ;
For alike through the frost and heat,
Spring showers and winter sleet,
Bloom these lilies and violets,
Blue flags that no wild bee frets,
Red mallows, purple azaleas,
Columbines, cowslips, and dahlias,
In natural pomp arrayed,
Flowers that never fade.

ON LONGFELLOW'S "EVANGELINE"

(AN IMPROMPTU)

If it be true that "on the ways of men
The sun, the moon, the stars send no such
light
As one great deed," achieved with sword or
pen,
Which fills the world with glory or delight ;
Then is it true that in these later days,
In this new land a poet has surpassed
The stars' bright sparkle and the sun's clear
blaze,
And done a deed of which the light shall last
As long as English is a living tongue ;
So long will men in tender tones rehearse
The touching story that the bard has sung
With moving pathos, in immortal verse,
And fancy picture, pale and worn and thin,
The wandering figure of Evangeline.

"NOW SLUMBERING MEMORIES
WAKE"

*O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.*

—EMERSON.

Now slumbering memories wake, and through
 my heart
 In hurried march and quick succession
 pour—
Memories, dear friend, whereof you form a
 part,
And shall forevermore.

Again in twilight that grows less and less—
 A girlish, graceful shape—I see you stand,
And hear your words of welcome, as I press
 Your ready, outstretched hand.

Again I see, in watches of the night,
 Love's radiant image rise; again I kneel
In silent homage at her shrine of light;
 And once again I feel

As Adam may have felt when first he stood
 In Paradise, while yet the world was young
And gazed upon incarnate Womanhood,
 While rapture tied his tongue.

Like him I feel as on that glowing form,
 The rapt eidolon of a life's delight,
I gaze and gaze, and find the past grow warm
 Within my breast tonight.

Elm-shaded streets once more invite our feet
To saunter through this fair New England
town
On sunny afternoons, or when the sweet,
Bright eyes of night look down ;
Or at the hour when in the western sky,
Through gauze of gold, there shines one silver
star ;
Or beams the white, majestic moon on high
To light us from afar.
Once more through mellow afternoons we float
By Fresh Pond Water's steep and wooded
shores—
Our barge the while become Love's gliding
boat,
His magic wings our oars.
Once more we drive throughout the summer's
day
Along the winding roads by wood and wold,
While through the leaves the sifted sunbeams
stray
In flickering green and gold ;
And from the open hilltops we descry
Broad fields and uplands basking in the sun,
And one white steeple where the clear blue sky
Bends over Lexington ;
And onward, through fair glades of tender
green,
By fragrant dells where many a wildflower
grows,
We pass to where, in grassy meadows seen,
The peaceful Concord flows.

Ay, these, dear friend, are memories that out-
last

All jars and turmoils of our daily life—
That sweeten all the bitter of the past,
And banish all its strife—

That bid our hearts to thrill with joyous
thought

Of all the happiness that we have had—
And shine like stars upon the past inwrought
To make and keep us glad.

SAINT AGNES

(WRITTEN AFTER SEEING G. G. FISH'S PICTURE.)

I

Above her head the leaping flames are curling ;
Their dread embraces seal her beauty's
doom ;
Yet through their smoky breath about her
whirling
She looks to heaven—forgetful of the tomb.

Beyond the gloom of death's unfolding portal
She sees the radiance of unending day,
And glorious forms, unfading and immortal,
That throng to greet her from life's darkening
way.

Unheeded, in the rapture of that vision,
Are hate and torture, agony and death ;

For star-eyed Faith has shown the home
 elysian,
Whose gates unfold before her parting
 breath.

II

The tongues that mocked, the flames that
 marred her beauty,
The malice, and the pain have passed away;
Yet still the sovereign voice of sacred duty,
 That once she heard, we hear again today.

It never calls upon us now to vanquish
 The burning fagots and the blackened stake,
But to support privation, toil, and anguish
 Without a murmur, though the heart should
 break.

And ever when, oppressed beyond endurance,
 Our courage falters and our footsteps fail,
And even hope's bright rainbow of assurance
 No longer arches o'er life's darkened vale,

O star of Faith, o'er cloudy fears victorious,
 Burst through the rifts at last thy placid rays,
And lo! our wistful faces are made glorious;
 Death has no sting while on thy light we
 gaze.

BOATING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

When happy memories in the twilight throng,
Bidding the past live o'er again for you,
How oft will you once more look forth and see
The blue St. Lawrence in the morning glow
Tossing his foam-capped waves; or feel the
light

Skiff rise and sink upon his mighty breast
With the long swell's slow undulations, while,
Reclining on the cushioned thwart, you mark
The brown banks and green fields go gliding by,
The white clouds flecking heaven's azure cope
Where burns the golden glory of the sun,
And yield your being, steeped in blissful
warmth,

To drowsy languor born of tepid airs
That softly kiss your cheeks, and lulling sound
Of lapping waves and cadenced stroke of oars.

Anon your mood will change, and leaning o'er
The gunnel, in the water glassed, behold!
Another boat's long, curving lapwork, turned
Keel upward, and another piquant face
Above its gunnel's edge, peering with eyes
As gray as yours up through the limpid wave;
And past the bright reflection you will spy
The wavering keel, and under, far below,
Look! how the river-bottom's yellow sand
And mossy rocks and bending eel-grass shine
With constant shimmer of deflected light.

And then again your mood will change and find
Sweet satisfaction in effacing all
This watery cosmos at a single stroke—

The pictured image, girl and boat, and keel,
Sand, rock, and eel-grass, idly blotting out
With wayward movement of a graceful hand
Into the water by the boatside dipped
And trailed along through liquid coolness o'er
The shivered mirror of the rippled tide.

O mornings magical, divinely fair
With blue and gold of river, sky, and sun,
Supremely sweet with fragrance of pure air
And river-scents blown from the bosky shores,
And ever vocal with the varied charm
Of merry speech, and wandering bird-note
 wild,
And tinkle of the little, silver waves!
Breathe o'er us memories of thy happy prime
From out the past, and once more fill the air
With chime of wave and warbled bird-note,
 scent
Of wooded bank and bush-lined cove, and
 blaze
Of yellow sunlight upon sparkling stream.

SUNSET ON THE ST. LAWRENCE

At times, on autumn evenings now at hand,
When, by the crackling logs upon the hearth,
Within the lamp's clear radiance, I recall
Thy charms, St. Lawrence, there will come to
 me
Remembrance of imperial evenings spent
Afloat upon thy broad, slow-heaving breast
At set of sun; and on my dazzled eyes
Once more will piles of fleecy cloud flash out

In sudden glory, and the heavens will burn
From that long line of carmine in the west
Up to the blushing zenith and far down
The sky along the river's seaward course,
Till all the spaces of the radiant vault
Are flushed with rose, and from the roseate sea
Rise isles of cloud outlined in ruddy gold,
With crimson promontories jutting out,
And pale blue clefts; these then will change
and fade—

From ruddy gold to orange, from pale blue
To purple, crimson to blush-pink, bright rose
To violet—till the river's brimming tide,
Reflecting every change, at last will lose
Each delicate sea-shell tinge, and as if sheathed
In polished steel, gray gleaming, catch the glint
Of eve's bright star-points on its glittering mail.

Mysterious transformation! Wonderful!
Old as the earth and sun, yet ever new!
Essentially the same at each recurrence,
Yet never twice alike; but so endowed
With infinite variety of change
In cloud and color that the eye might look
Again a million times and ne'er grow weary!
Still in the memory doth its beauty dwell—
A hint of heaven's loveliness and peace.

A TOKEN

I watched beside her till the light
Had slowly turned from gold to gray,
And beaming on the brow of night
A star proclaimed the close of day ;
But as the moon arose and threw
In silvered outlines on the floor
The casement crossed with vines that grew
About the blinds—I watched no more.

For life at last had left to death
Her ransomed spirit's empty shell,
And unto me the fluttering breath
And anguish of her last farewell :
I turned away, and yet the sting
Was soothed,—for, as I turned, afar
The glitter of an angel's wing
Shot downward from a distant star.

“ONLY MAN IS VILE”

The starlit night, the sunny day
Forever own God's sovereign sway ;
The circling seasons as they roll
Submit to His divine control ;
Man, man alone, rebellious still,
Opposes his Creator's will.

O LOVELY LAND!

Once we abode beside a lofty peak,
In summer, when the scene was full of
charm,
And now in retrospect we often seek
Thy fields, fair Echo Farm.

There loomed Mount Kearsarge in the ghostly
light
Of earliest dawn toward the heavens pale-
starred,
Casting aside the mystery of the night
As day its gold unbarred.

There towered Mount Washington, rock-
ribbed, snow-crowned,
A shape of splendor 'gainst the northern sky;
His gleaming peak, blue rifts, and sides em-
browned
A marvel to the eye.

There, in the sunset glow, far distant seen,
Moat Mountain, like a mighty giant, lay
In centuried sleep, a pall of forest green
Thrown o'er his lifeless clay.

And each clear twilight, in the amber west,
We saw, just where the topmost birch-trees
wave,
A white star shine and slowly sink to rest
Behind the Titan's grave.

O lovely land of streams and waterfalls,
Of springs clear gushing and primeval
woods,
Of sylvan lakes where echo sweetly calls,
And peaceful solitudes,

Still may we stand at times upon your heights,
High o'er your sea of lesser peaks below,
Drink in the grandeur of your golden sights,
And feel your breezes blow.

REBUKED

In the night there came a voice
Saying, "Despair not, but rejoice!
Lift up thy soul in song,
For the day will break ere long."

But I answered, "Why should I
Believe this cunning lie?
Through the watches of the night
Have I not sought for light
Till my eye-strings strained and cracked,
In the search for what they lacked,—
Yet discerned not even a spark
In the starless, ebon dark?
Now that my quest has ceased,
Shall the morning flood the east?
Nay, thou can'st not cheat my sight;
There is no such thing as light."

And even as I spoke,
O'er the hills the bright dawn broke.

BRYANTI MORS

June 12, 1878.

'T were pleasant, that in flowery June,

*The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.*

—BRYANT.

Voluptuous month, whose golden hours
With transient glory crown the year,
Thy daintiest buds and fairest flowers
Must now adorn thy poet's bier;
Thy greenest turf must deck his grave;
Thy gentlest rill must ripple there;
Thy grandest trees above it wave
Their branches in the silvery air:

Thy bluest sky must o'er it bend
In benediction from afar,
And day and night upon it send
Thy softest rays from sun and star;
For all his purest, holiest love
Around thy radiant beauties clung,
And sweet with strains inspired above
For thee his saddest lay was sung.

He loved thee, for he loved all things
Created by the hand of God—
The snow-crowned peaks, the icy springs,
The fleecy clouds, the flowery sod,
The sky-bound prairie's billowy miles,
The rushing streams, the restless sea,—
He looked, and lo! their sweeter smiles
And brighter aspects came with thee.

He died as he had wished to die,
While thy broad realms were all aflame ;
Soft was the breeze and blue the sky
When the auspicious angel came ;
Night lingered yet on land and sea,
But heaven's bright morning shone for
him—
That morning of eternity
At which all earthly dawns grow dim.

THE LARK

(AN ENGLISH MEMORY)

When the first faint spark
Of dawn through the dark
Of the fleeting night shines free,
Through the still air, hark !
How the song of the lark
Wells up from the lush green lea !

Then the chorus floats
From a thousand throats
As the pale gold sun appears ;
Yet still may you mark
The far notes of the lark
Dropping down from the sun-dimmed spheres.

PROËM

TO A COLLECTION OF PASTORALS

I plucked some simple flowers in the early
morning hours,
While the dew-drops sparkled brightly on
each petal's velvet skin;
Some of the buds were homely, and some others
I thought comely;
But for me both good and bad ones had a
diamond drop within.

These ballads are the flowers that I've gathered
in the hours
Ere my sun of life has mounted to its
parched and panting noon;
And the diamond drops within them are the
feelings I put in them
As I wandered in the fragrant woods and
flowery ways of June.

May they murmur to my readers, like the
breezes to the cedars,
Of pastures paved with buttercups and vales
with violets blue;
And may they appear so humble that each one
disposed to grumble
May scorn to sneer at them or the garden
where they grew.

THRENODIA

Underneath the sheeted snow, while winter
winds are sighing,
And the clouded light of day in the west is
dying,
We have left her whom we mourn in solemn
slumber lying.

As the morning-glory blooms through the
earliest hours,
As it withers ere the noon burns on leaves and
flowers,—
So she bloomed and faded from this dreary
world of ours.

Faded—while through anxious months fears
remained unspoken ;
Faded—till the angel Death showed his ghastly
token ;
Then she breathed a sigh, and died, and our
band was broken.

Bud and leaflet glad the tree when the winter's
o'er,
And the purple violet springs as sweetly as be-
fore ;
But, O Death, life after thee returneth—never-
more !

Nevermore we'll see her soul flash from that
curtained eye !
Nevermore her marble cheeks resume their
damask dye !
Nevermore her pallid lips part with a single
sigh !

Glorious gleam the dazzling gates through
which her soul has pressed ;
Angels guard the jasper walls beyond whose
borders blest
The wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

But the love that cheered a life with her soul
has fled ;
Sorrow, by a stricken hearth, bows a mother's
head ;
For, O Death, thine arrow stings the living, not
the dead.

WITH A BOUQUET OF ROSES

Though near the nineteenth century's close
Since Christ was born,
There never yet has bloomed a rose
Without a thorn.

But though the thorns have always grown
Upon its stem,
The rose has budded, ay, and blown
In spite of them.

Be love thy rose ; though life has thorns,
Love will perfume
And beautify thy nights and morns
While roses bloom.

AT SOUTH DUXBURY

Stand here beside me on the Captain's Hill—
Here in the shade of his memorial tower,
While yet the morn is brooding, warm and
still,
On wave and tree and flower ;

While through the clear air from the clear sky
beams,
Undimmed by fleck or film of haze, the sun
Upon the scattered roofs and woods and
streams
That through the meadows run ;

While glints the sunlight on this peaceful bay
And on those yellow beaches that divide
Its quiet from the blue waves now at play
Upon the farther side.

Then, as the day wanes, come with me away
By stile and footpath till at last, afloat
Upon the shining bosom of the bay
In this scarce-moving boat,

We sit and drink the evening quiet in,
And watch the red-streaked sunset pale and
fade
Beyond the black tree-tops, while far within
Their slowly deepening shade

The late birds twitter to their drowsy mates,
And from the glassy water round us dies
The glow of sunset, and heaven's starry gates
Illume the darkening skies.

A BALLAD OF REASSURANCE

Three thousand years ago King Solomon
Said, There is nothing new beneath the sun ;
Where, then, can I, amid the trite today,
Find a fresh thought to beautify my lay ?
So cried a poet in acute despair ;
And lo ! an angel in the middle air,
Who heard with pity that despondent cry,
Suggested this encouraging reply :

Three thousand years ago King Solomon
Said, There is nothing new beneath the sun ;
Yet, as the lusty centuries unrolled,
Ilium's blind singer smote his harp of gold ;
And Rome's sweet minstrel woke the silver
 strain
Whose accents linger yet in Art's domain ;
And Avon's bard struck from his sunlit lyre
The diamond thoughts that gemmed each
 vibrant wire.

Down the long vista of departed years
Steals many a strain of trembling hopes and
 fears—
Each one imparting to the stormy breast
Its patient sorrow or its peaceful rest.
If they who sung had stayed for fresher
 thought,
They would have died, and left their tasks un-
 wrought ;
But who would leave a pathway that is fair
Because he sees another's footprint there ?

Mark the example Nature sets each year,
When genial sunshine tells that Spring is near ;
The vernal grass doth not refuse to grow
Because 't was grass that grew a year ago ;
The leaves, the birds, the flowers, and the bees,
The morning sunbeams and the twilight breeze
Cease not to blow, to shine, to bloom, to soar,
Because the same has oft been done before.

ENVOY

Then care not if what thou dost yearn to say
Already has been said, but sing thy lay :
The thought, young poet, may be old, but he
Who says it best at last must owner be.

THE PESSIMIST'S PLAINT

Joy is a jewel that Hope descries
Just beyond reach in the road ahead ;
Flawless it flames in our dazzled eyes,
Fixed on the track we are soon to tread.

Surely 't is here that the sparkler lies :
A pebble glints dull in its dusty bed ;
Joy is a jewel that Hope descries
Just beyond reach in the road ahead.

Many the jewels we fain would prize ;
Many the pebbles we find instead ;
What are these stones in a gem's disguise ?
What but the flints where our feet have bled !
Joy is a jewel that Hope descries
Just beyond reach in the road ahead.

WAITING

Darkness falls, and far away
On the dim horizon's verge,
Like the ghostly dawn of another day,
I see the moon emerge;
And the stars that shine in the sky above
Are bright in the waves below,
While I wait on the shore for my sailor love
As I waited long ago.

'T is many and many a weary year
Since he sailed away from me;
Yet always at twilight I linger here
To welcome him home from sea;
For he promised me when he sailed away
To return ere the earliest snow;
It seems as if it were yesterday,
And yet it was long ago.

TO IRENE

Irene, from what heaven afar
Beams through the beauty of thy face
Thy spirit, like the high, pure star,
That brightens through the radiant space
Where sunset's perfect glories are?

Lo! framed in hyacinthine hair,
I see thy lustrous loveliness;
It breathes of realms beyond the air,
And makes our mortal mould express
Those looks that only angels wear.

A GYPSY GLEE

Oh, ladies may loll in their easy-chairs,
And languidly watch the blaze
On the open hearth as it flickers and flares
Through the drear midwinter days;
But brighter far is the roaring fire
We kindle upon the lea;
Its tongues of flame to the sky aspire,
And who of its ruddy charm can tire?—
Then hip, hurrah for a roaring fire,
And a gypsy life for me!

You may gather round your glittering board
And knowingly sip the wine
From rare old decanters lavishly poured
While the shaded candles shine;
A better beverage brims the cup
We circle so full and free;
From our mother-earth it sparkles up,
It cools each lip when we dine or sup;
Then hip, hurrah for the crystal cup,
And a gypsy life for me!

Envelop your fragile forms in furs
And shiver only in sleighs
That whenever the bracing Boreas stirs
You may long for a feeble blaze;
Over the snow like the bounding roe
We run with a reckless glee,
Till the hot blood boils and faces glow,
And we laugh when blasts the rudest blow;
Then hip, hurrah for a run o'er the snow.
And a gypsy life for me!

In Summer we seek some sheltered nook
Concealed from curious view,
Where the willows dip into the babbling brook,
And the sun sometimes peeps through ;
We weave bright crowns of the fairest flowers
Or braid sweet buds in our hair ;
Or in the tent, while the black cloud lowers,
With story and song wile away the hours
Until the sunshine chases the showers
And rears the rainbow in air.

While simmers the caldron o'er the fire,
We lie on the velvet sward,
And tell those tales of each gypsy sire
That our memories still record ;
And the twinkling stars begem the sky
And silver the drops of dew,
Till the pale moon hangs in the arch on high
Like a glistening tear in a dark-blue eye,
For naught but her orb can you espy
In that sphere of shadowy blue.

Then Spring may cover the earth with green
And deck it forth with flowers ;
And Summer may pant through her emerald
screen
And the roses' burning bowers ;
And Winter may sift the feathery snow
When Autumn has stripped the tree ;
The breeze may sigh or the blast may blow,
The seasons come and the seasons go ;
Then hip, hurrah for both buds and snow,
And a gypsy life for me !

SOMNIA VANA

*Whether life may laugh or weep,
Death the true waking—life the sleep.*

—BULWER-LYTTON.

In frail mortality's swift bark we glide
From life's dark source down its deceitful
stream,
And while the keel cuts through the curling
tide
We sleep, and idly dream.

Though in the quick round of youth's golden
hours
The ruby lips of pleasure sweetest seem—
Crumbling to ashes 'neath the kiss of ours,
They leave a shattered dream.

First love entraps us in its magic snare:—
Earth seems more blest and heaven appears
more bright;
Suns pour a softer radiance through the air,
And moons a milder light;

Our eyes find beauty in one only face,
Our ears drink music from one only voice;
Love makes a paradise in every place
That its first rays rejoice.

But death destroys, or time's rude hands un-
bind
Each mystic bond that stays the starry beam:
Love's vision vanishes, and leaves behind
The mockery of a dream.

Ambition lures our lagging steps to climb
The craggy steep where fame's far honors
gleam;
We gain the height, and find our sultry prime
But gilds an idle dream.

So with each surge, that lifts the flashing keel,
New visions rise till the last wave has fled,
And, ground to dust beneath death's iron heel,
Our latest dream lies dead ;

And evening's star shines through the sunset's
gold
And floods with flakes of pearl the amber air ;
And each fond dreamer's furrowed brow is cold
Beneath his frosted hair.

Then through our eyelids glows a glorious ray
Where life's last wave sobs on the sparkling
shore,
And, in the splendors of eternal day,
We wake, and dream no more.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE

In the blue heaven of beauty's eyes,
Behold, the stars of love now rise ;
And brighter and still brighter shine
In honor of St. Valentine.

WITH A BOOK OF TALES

Lady, whenever you chance to look
Into the pages of this book,
May they bring back the tranquil hours,
Sweet as the scent of May-time flowers,
When snugly housed from wind and weather,
We read these thrilling tales together,
The while you flushed and grew bright-eyed
At the hero's pluck and the heroine's pride,
Till the westering sun made rippling falls
Of golden light on the book-lined walls;
Or the lamp burned low as the night drew on
To the midnight hour or the stroke of one,
And the laggard moon cast pallid gleams
Into the chamber of your dreams.

"O THOU ART LIKE A FLOWER"

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

O thou art like a flower—
As sweet, and pure, and bright;
I look at thee, and sadness
Is mixed with my delight.

Methinks to lay my hand on
Thy head would be but meet,
And pray that God may keep thee
As bright, and pure, and sweet.

AD FINEM

Her latest breath is drawn :
Her dove-like soul hath ta'en its skyward
 flight,
And greets the glory of an endless dawn
 Beyond the gates of light.

Long years have silvered o'er
The dark brown tresses of her youth's bright
 Spring,
And pierced her bosom to its inmost core
 With sorrow's cruel sting.

Ay, grief, and care, and toil
Have left their trace upon that furrowed brow ;
Yet virtue's flowers within her soul's deep soil
 Blossomed as passed the plough.

Adversity's dark cloud
But dropped its shower of wisdom on her
 mind ;
And when distress's thunders echoed loud
 Her heart was strong and kind.

Her smile was as a light
That sheds a cheering radiance over all,
And scatters through the shadows of the night
 Its mute, inspiring call.

When hope with flickering ray
Had nearly ceased to light life's troubled flood,
Unshaken in her faith she still could say,
 "His loving kindness, O how good!"

And when misfortunes came
Till her bowed form could scarce sustain their
weight,
Through whitening lips her whispers were the
same—
“His loving kindness, O how great!”

Life's skies became serene,
And its wide ocean calm as summer sea,
And still she gladly sang, with grateful mien,
“His loving kindness, O how free!”

Year after year flew by,
Yet ever floated her unvaried song
In strains of sweetest rapture to the sky—
“His loving kindness, O how strong!”

And when the hour drew nigh
Whose dreary close received her passing breath,
Amid the saddened hush her last faint sigh
“His loving kindness sung in death.”

A CHRISTMASTIDE APPEAL

Dear Second Mother, who hast ever shed
A blessed influence on the path I tread,
My thoughts are with you on this Christmas
Day,

My love is with you, winged from far away,
And nestling now, while we are kept apart,
Within the warmest corner of your heart.
The future holds bright visions, but at last
Their brightness fades; so alters not the past;
There memory wanders, sure that it can trace
Old scenes unchanged save by an added grace;
That forms and faces which it used to know
Will look the same as they did long ago:
Therefore my mind's eye, on this day, looks
back

With lingering gaze along life's beaten track,
And, faint and dreamlike, in the far-off years
I see my mother through a mist of tears.
I sometimes think, had she been by my side,
Life would have been far different; but she
died.

She died! And you, dear Second Mother, took
The leaf she left when in her life's fair book
Death wrote the grim word *Finis*, and 't was
done!

I'd lost a mother and you'd gained a son.
Ah, how much better have you done your part
Than I have mine! Forgive me, Dearest Heart;
Forgive the errant mood, the wayward tongue,
And all the past by which you have been
wrung;

And let me, on this day of holy joy,
Rest in your love, and be once more your boy.

THE CORAL SPRAY

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
Where the waters barely sway,
Where the goldfish glides with a sportive glee,
There once was a coral spray :
Of a pearly pink was its surface tinct ;
Its form was of matchless grace ;
And ambition gave it the high instinct
That belongs to the human race.

“How I loathe the quiet that reigns around !
How I long to rise and be free—
To look down where the frothing billows
bound,
That so long have looked down on me !”
So it summoned the coral insect hordes,
And bade them begin to build ;
It pierced the brine with its roseate swords
Till the workers grew numb and chilled.

In sunlight and shadow the sea moaned on ;
Moon after moon waxed and waned ;
Many a star from the sky was gone,
In their places new orbs reigned ;
And ships sailed over the desolate main,
Or sank amid sailors' cries ;
But the coral spray, with a cold disdain,
Ever continued to rise ;

Till at last, as it upward wreathed its arms
Through the green and glassy brine,
Lo ! playing over its glistening charms
Did a sunbeam softly shine ;

But scarce had it felt the genial glow
That shot to its inmost core,
When the black clouds over the sky did blow,
And the sunbeam shone no more.

The angry billows, with furious roar,
Swept over the coral spray,
Till a rudderless ship, as she onward tore,
Broke the trembling thing away :
Down, down it hurried ! But, as it sank,
Rang agonized human cries ;
The crack of the spar, the crash of the plank,
Were followed by strangled sighs.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
Where the waters barely sway,
Where the goldfish glides with a sportive glee,
There glistens a coral spray :
Beside it a sailor lies stiff and stark,
Asleep on the ocean floor ;
He will rise one day from his slumbers dark,
But the spray will rise no more.

AVE ATQUE VALE

Not wholly thoughtless of earnest endeavor,
Come we to greet you and bid you farewell;
Strong are the ties that this parting will sever,
Deep the regrets that e'en time may not quell.

Beams of the future, though, brighten the present;
In their fair promise all sadness is gone;
Glimmering faintly fades youth's waning crescent,
Full-orbed maturity's day-spring comes on.

Distance may dim the dear scenes we have cherished,
Time shift the stage and change all of our parts;
Youth will remain, when its blossoms have perished,
Fresh in our feelings, enshrined in our hearts.

In the long vista of years yet before us,
Hope reveals garlands we'll gather elate;
Actions will spring from resolves until o'er us
Deeds make an Eden of "Time, our estate."

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Can it be true that 't is a year,

A whole, long year, since last we met?—
Since, gathered all together here,

We wove our wit through pleasure's net;
And startling quips and daring jokes

Gemmed conversation's golden thread,
Until it snapped beneath the strokes

Which told the hours of joy had fled?

The self-same faces meet the eye;

The self-same voices greet the ear;

The same old jokers glibly try

The same old jokes we heard last year:

Ah, though no laugh your sallies hailed,

Let not your tongues be tipped with gall;

'Tis better to have tried and failed

Than never to have tried at all.

Earth looks as lovely now as then;

Yet what mutations has it seen

Since field and glade and hill and glen

Were pranked a year ago in green!

Autumn has reaped the ripened grain

Long cradled on the Summer's breast,

And frozen stream and fruitless plain

By Winter have been wrapped in rest.

Now daisies dot the emerald sod,

And leaping rills dash laughing by,

And young shoots heave the bursting clod

And drink the sunshine from the sky:

Our Spring has never lost its glow
In Autumn's chill or Winter's gloom;
Our seeds of thought are yet to sow,
Our buds of hope have still to bloom.

But as we've striven in the past,
So let us strive in years to come,
Ere smiling skies are overcast
And boughs turn bare and birds grow dumb;
From high resolves spring lofty deeds
To blossom in the heat of fame;
Then thickly sow the April seeds
Before the suns of Summer flame.

So in the harvest we shall reap
With toil-worn hands, as age-dimmed eyes
See sunset's lingering splendors creep
Down late November's lilac skies,
These genial hours will form a sheaf
So full, so fair that memory's gaze
Will see in every saffron leaf
The hoarded gold of sunnier days.

A SONG OF "SEVENTY-NINE"

The day has fled, and evening draws her filmy
veil o'er earth,
And flowers fill their cups with dew to drink
night's coming birth;
The sharp-toned crickets shrilly sing as western
orbs decline,
And nearer draws the hour which parts the
Class of '79.

O buoyant hearts we've brought with us, and
 hopes as bright and gay
As tints that paint the rainbow skies at rosy
 dawn of day!
And when they've faded into night we'll none
 of us repine,
But recollect, with kindling eyes, the Class of
 '79.

Farewell to all the budding joys that crowned
 our youthful hours!
They've gone—and left us but the scent of
 crushed yet fragrant flowers;
In future years their perfume, friends, may
 move your hearts and mine,
To ponder on the faded hopes and joys of '79.

As thick as wandering clouds collect where sun-
 set fires are burning,
Throng memories of the merry past, with every
 breath returning;
And the fleeting moments gently glow with feel-
 ings half divine
Till strikes the hour whose knell concludes the
 days of '79.

Ah, happy days! they've passed as swift as
 swallows on the wing;
Already Autumn whirls the leaves from boughs
 to which they cling;
And all too soon life's autumn blasts will strip,
 with fell design,
The last, lone-lingering leaves from off the
 bough of '79.

THE ECHOED STRAIN

On the wind of the autumn night from far
comes, faint and low,
The echoed strain of a farewell song that was
sung ten years ago.

Thrillingly soft and sweet it steals from the
far-off years
To fill our hearts with strange delight and our
eyes with unshed tears.

We sang it first in June when the roses all were
red,
And we hear it now in the autumn night when
the roses all are dead ;

And we think of those who died, like flowers
of a bygone June,
And the wailing notes of a minor chord are
heard through the olden tune ;

And on the wind of the autumn night there
passes, faint and low,
The dying strain of the farewell song we sang
ten years ago.

IN LIGHTER MOOD

*Some short and some long,—
May they all give you pleasure!*
—AUSTIN DOBSON.

"IN LIGHTER MOOD"

In lighter mood our lays were born,
When rosy Life sped laughing through
The world's green reaches, wet with dew,
And fragrant in the fresh May morn.

Still as he went, he heard the horn
That elfish Fancy featly blew
In lighter mood.

Ah, flute-like notes, by distance shorn
Of half your charm, too faint, too few,
Ye mind us of the morns we knew
When Life still sang the world to scorn
In lighter mood.

ROLLER RIDING ON THE LAWN

(AN APRIL EPISODE.)

When Reilly comes to roll the lawn, we have
the jolliest time;
For up on the roller's high red seat he helps us
all to climb;
Then over the lawn, under the trees, around the
house we go,
While the dappled clouds sail overhead and the
roller rattles below.

The big bay horse in his big round boots plods
carefully on before,
Beside his head good Reilly walks—and what
could we ask for more?

The April sky is sweet to see, the April air to
smell,
Good Reilly 's at the horse's head, and we know
that all is well.

So perched aloft on the high red seat, we snug-
gle, and cling, and lean—
Marguerite this side, Barbara that, and Ells-
worth safe between ;
And the lumbering roller bumps along over the
greening lawn ;
And the rising scent of the crushed new grass
is as fresh as the breath of dawn ;

And the budding trees against the sky show
green, and red, and gray ;
And we laugh and shout in sheer delight as we
cling, and swing, and sway ;
And then at last the big horse stops, and down
from the seat we climb,
And give our kind, good Reilly thanks ; we've
had the jolliest time !

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Dead broke ! not even a pothook left
On which to hang a single letter !
Deprived of breath, of words bereft !
A stammering, speechless, lucky debtor !

One moment since my teeming brain
Held thought's wise owl and song's canary,
While, lately caged, a twittering train
Of fancies filled its aviary.

But presto! mid the chirping birds
In rushed your kindly wishes fluttering,
And soaring thoughts and winged words
Have flown, and left me wildly stuttering.

O Venus, at thy throne I'll bend,
And ever hymn thy beauty's praises,
If of thy stores thou wilt but lend
Some honeyed words, some sugared phrases :

Or send the sunbeam of thy smile
To thaw the ice of an "I thank you,"
And from the Tiber to the Nile
O'er every goddess I will rank you.

Ah, Venus cannot hear my prayer ;
But if I look throughout creation,
Perhaps in earth, or sea, or air,
I'll find a source of inspiration.

In vain ! I gaze until the eye
Is dazzled with the light, the motion,
Of sunlit leagues of azure sky,
And billowy miles of dark blue ocean.

Can earth bestow what sky and sea
Possess not in their ample dower?
Behold, as if to answer me,
Upon the table blooms—a flower.

When language fails, when voices break,
When eager lips are dumb with feeling,
Then Nature's radiant powers awake—
Her silent eloquence revealing.

What faltering tongues can not express
Finds symbols in the garden bowers ;
Take pity, then, on my distress,
And read my thanks in these bright flowers.

BIRTHDAY LINES

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF CLARKE'S "INDIAN
SUMMER."

Dear Lillian, in this gift of mine
Perchance a seer might see
On every leaf a happy sign
Of what your life may be ;
And, as he turned its pages o'er,
Discern in sketch and rhyme
Bright symbols of that life before
Its Indian Summer time.

Each printed page and painted leaf
May represent a day
As bright and 'sweet, but not as brief
And limited as they ;
And when your book of life is bound—
With months, and days, and hours
To fill its leaves—it may be found
A book of songs and flowers.

But as the present is the scope
Of all that I can view,
'T is only left for me to hope
This one wish may come true,—
That long as flowers charm the sight,
And songs enchant the ear,
You'll find them aye as fresh and bright
As in your eighteenth year.

IN SCOTS

I

WI' A BUKE ON EDINBORO'

. *noo the auld city, street by street.*

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Frae Edinboro' cam a lad,
Frae Ayrshire cam a lassie;
Their e'en were dim, their hearts fu' sad,
Their kists weel packed an' massy.

They cross't three thousand miles o' brine;
They met and eke they tarried;
"Elizabeth," quoth he, "be mine!"
She minded an' they married.

But aiblins, as the years that fled
Their faces some did furrow,
"We'd luv to see," they aften said,
"Ayrshire and Edinboro'."

I dinna ken, I daurna keek,
I winna speir an' listen;
But whan o' Scotland they will speak
Their e'en at times may glisten.

A buke on hame-pairs, then, thocht I,
'T wal be the verra present;
Though it be extra lang an' dry,
Lordsake! they'll find it pleasant.

Syne, as I've aften heard her sayin'—
That sonsie lass o' sixty—
"Ech, Davie mon, we twa are ane,"
'T is here's a buke betwixt ye.

For noo I gie (an' wi' nae fears
'T wal nae be lookit thorough)
Tae lass and lad o' sixty years
This buke on Edinboro'.

II

WI' A BUKE AND A PURSE

Ance mair the rollin' year brings roun'
The merry Christmas Day;
Ance mair ye baith are sittin' down
To hear what I've to say.

A twal'month syne I didnae think
To warn ye I'd be there;
An' noo I've gien ye ne'er a wink,
An' here I am ance mair!

But ye'll forgie me, syne 't is true
My heid was like to split
Wi' wonderin' what I'd gie tae you
And—what I'd gie for it!

Ye see I'm no that rich the noo
That I expect to be
Whan that slow ship, my ain canoe,
Comes paddlin' in frae sea;

An' sure 't is no the cost, ye'll own,
That maks a gift sae pleasant;
'T is maist the friendly thocht that's shown
In purchasin' the present.

To ane I gie anither buke
On Edinboro' ceety;
For ane on Ayrshire I did luke,
But foundnae, more's the peety!

Sae for the ither I've a purse
To haud your gold and siller,
An' alsae haud (what isnae worse)
Banknotes, wi' which you'll fill 'er.

An' whan ye luke upo' the buke
Ye'll mind the past sae pleasant;
An' whan ye see this empty purse
Ye'll ponder on the present.

THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR

O gallants may rave of their lady-loves' eyes,
And claim for the blackest or brownest the
prize;
But neither so quickly can waken a sigh
As the clear, sunny glance of a bonnie blue eye.

'T will melt in one ogle a bosom of stone,
And force it love's magical passion to own;
Then who would not bask, though it cost him
a sigh,
In the heart-thrilling beam of a bonnie blue eye?

'T will laugh in delight, and 't will kindle in
love
Till it glows like the sun in the azure above;
Then who would not turn from the brightest
blue sky
To gaze in the heaven of a bonnie blue eye?

In sorrow 't will weep, and in pity 't will beam
Like a bright-cheering ray o'er a dark-flowing
stream;
Then who would not languish in pain just to
lie
In the soft, tender light of a bonnie blue eye?

If Plato should look from the regions above,
He'd forget his fantastical notions of love,
And quickly would all his philosophy fly
In the soul-stirring gaze of a bonnie blue eye.

So lovers may vaunt of their lady-loves' eyes,
And claim for the blackest or brownest the
prize;
But neither so surely can waken a sigh
As heaven's best mirror—a bonnie blue eye.

WHAT A SANDWICH MAYFLOWER
SAID

I am a hardy flower ;
I did not wait for reason
To indicate the hour
When I should be in season.

But March's windy bluster
And snow and ice I scouted ;
And against his fiercest muster
Of sleet and rain I sprouted.

I grew amongst the grasses
That once made green the land which
The ship sees as she passes
The seacoast town of Sandwich.

Two days ago a slender
Hand reached out and plucked me ;
Its owner was the sender
Of this note wherein she tucked me.

I am a sweet newcomer
As the reign of winter closes ;
I'm a harbinger of summer,
A forerunner of the roses.

HIRAM AND HANNAH

(A SIMPLE BALLAD OF MIDDLE-AGED TRUE
LOVE.)

Oh, Lunenburg and Chicopee are ninety miles
apart,
And that is why in either town there beats an
aching heart;
They long to beat together, but they cannot,
for, you see,
His sweetheart lives in Lunenburg, her beau in
Chicopee.

She is a widow, plump and fair; a widower
is he;
The one wish of their bosoms is a wedded pair
to be;
But when they yearn to tell their hopes, they
cannot, for, you see,
She is at home in Lunenburg, and he in
Chicopee.

His Christian name is Hiram; hers is Hannah;
and they both
To call each other by these names are oftentimes
nothing loath;
But when they fain would do so, they cannot,
for, you see,
She's far away in Lunenburg, and he's in
Chicopee.

There are some who think 't is pitiful, and there
are some who don't;
But all agree they ought to cease from teasing,
yet they won't;

For every sweetheart and her beau are teased,
and thus, you see,
While she is teased in Lunenburg, he's teased
in Chicopee.

Ah, well, a happy day will come when some
one will suggest
A good, long-distance telephone will meet their
wishes best ;
Then with "receivers" at their ears and mouths
a sight to see,
They'll cry "Hello!" from Lunenburg, "Hello!"
from Chicopee.

No whispered vows will they exchange ; but
each will have to shout ;
And by the time they've "settled things,"
they'll both be "tuckered out ;"
For courtship ninety miles apart by telephone,
you see,
Will make her tired in Lunenburg, and him in
Chicopee.

Then she will go to Rutland, and he will go to
Ware ;
And midway between those places will meet
the happy pair ;
And when the vows are spoken, they'll go to
live, you see,
For half the year in Lunenburg, and half in
Chicopee.

JAMIE AND THE ROSEBUD

One of the lovely Rosebud's poorer suitors,
compelled to remain in the city through the
summer, writes to a friend at the seaside resort
where the Rosebud is staying:

Has Jamie plucked the Rosebud yet? or is the
 Rosebud free
To wander still with whom she will at Eden-
 by-the-Sea?

 O prithee tell to me
 This secret by the sea;
 Do not delay another day,
 But telephone to me.

Has Jamie plucked the Rosebud yet at Eden-by-
 the-Sea?

Is Percy distanced in the race, and Ralph and
 Ray and Leigh?

And is it Jamie who has won at Eden-by-the-
 Sea?

Alas! and has he found the "sand" (there sand
 of course is free)

To win the Rosebud's heart and hand? and is
 she lost to me?

 O quickly tell to me
 This secret by the sea;
 Do not delay another day,
 But telephone to me.

Has Jamie plucked the Rosebud yet? or *is* the
 dear girl free

To wander still with whom she will at Eden-
 by-the-Sea?

THE BREAK-UP OF THE BLITHE TRIUMVIRATE

(A REPORTORIAL REMINISCENCE.)

O the times at last are ended when our blithe
triumvirate
Reassembled every weekday at the buoyant
hour of eight,—
Or as near it as the circumstances ever would
permit
The suburbanite to emulate the promptness of
the cit ;—
When the clatter of our tongues surpassed the
clatter of our shears,
And the jokes and jibes flew thick and fast
round our devoted ears.

Now when desks are cleared for action, and
reporters, left and right,
Cast typewriters loose and click away, 't will
be a painful sight ;
For among the strident shouts for "Boy!" to
shake the smoky air
His dulcet call we shall not hear because he'll
not be there ;
And as we sit at quarters, O we'll feel a weight
of woe
To think we're left on deck up here, while he
has gone below.

No more the "Soldiers Three" will meet at
morning on parade ;
No more they'll bivouac afternoons beneath
the checkered shade ;

No more will two combine to make the other's
 life so hot
That he'll think he's in a hotter place, and sigh
 to find he's not;
But still the comrades left behind will snuff
 afar the fray,
And they'll always face the music when the
 sergeant shows the way.

THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD

November 22, 1890

(WITH APOLOGIES TO "TOM" CAMPBELL.)

Of Harvard and her team
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
When in struggle fierce the cream
 Of her athletes bore the crown
Of triumph from the champions of the Blue;
 When the Crimson in its might
 Bore up the brunt of fight
 Till the falling shades of night
 Hid the view.

Like leviathans ashore
 Stood our "rushers" in the line;
While died out the hum and roar
 When Irvine gave the sign;
'T was two thirty post meridian by the chime;
 As Yale gathered in our path
 There was silence deep as death;
 Even Cumnock held his breath
 For a time.

But the brawn of Harvard flushed
For a transformation scene;
And her "V" the fleeter rushed
O'er the dozen yards between;
"Through them, boys!" our captain cried, when
each man
With his mighty muscles strung
On his Yale opponent sprung,
And, on forging, Lake was flung
In the van.

Ten yards' gain again we hail,
And the rushes do not slack;
'T is a feeble cheer that Yale
To our cheering sends us back—
Their shouts across the field slowly come;
And when Lee at last ran out
Round the right end, what a shout!
While Yale followed in a rout,
Dazed and dumb.

Now joy, Fair Harvard, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the roaring bonfires' blaze,
While the cheers ring out to-night
For Cumnock, Corbett, Lake, and Trafford's
kicks,
For Newell, Cranston, Dean,
For the finest game we've seen,
For the score so fair and clean,
Twelve to six!

DREAM VERSES

(These lines were composed in sleep, remembered at the moment of waking, and immediately written down.)

Beneath blue skies that gleam and glance
I see them pass—the maids of France ;

Austere and stately, sweet and small,
Or with a smile that conquers all.

Their eyes are gray or melting blue,
Or sparkling black that pierce one through.

The sun shines on them as they pass—
On stately maid and frolic lass ;

On sunny curl and raven tress ;
On lily hands that seem to bless ;

On ruby lips like Cupid's bow ;
On tinted cheeks and necks of snow ;

On dark and light, on short and tall ;
And as they pass, I love them all.

Each waves a hand and throws a kiss ;
Each whispers of a world of bliss.

Although so green the spreading lawn,
With dews yet glinting as at dawn ;

So trim the shrubs, so tall the trees ;
So wonder-sweet the fragrant breeze ;

So blue, so blue the sky above ;
More fair, more fair the maids I love.

LOVE AND THE MUSE

*And be sure at last came Love,
And after Love, the Muse.*

—EMERSON.

PREMONITION

With heart as free as wind or wave,
I laugh at those whom Love beguiles,
And boldly mark and safely brave
His most alluring wiles.

And yet I know she somewhere stands—
She I shall love—my joy, my queen—
In what fair form, in what far lands,
As yet unknown, unseen.

But I shall find her fairest face—
Her glance will gleam upon my ken—
Somewhere—I know not in what place;
Sometime—I know not when.

RHODOPE: A REMINISCENCE

She was a child when first we met,
With laughing eyes and locks of jet,
And cheeks so like the rose in hue
They seemed to share its fragrance too:
A blossom in life's early Spring,
She bloomed upon my wandering,
As down the hillside from the height
I slowly fared at fall of night.
'T is hard to say if fate or chance
Has most to do with young romance;
But chance it seemed that on my ear
That fleeting sound should fall so clear;
'T was but a footfall on a leaf,
As faint and sudden as 't was brief,—

And yet I heard that fairy tread
With something of prophetic dread,
A lover's premonition blent
With love's diviner sentiment.

I started at the sound, and turned ;
The sunset glow above me burned ;
And there, beyond the dusky wood,
Framed in the fading light she stood,
With smile so sweet and form so fair,
She seemed a seraph waiting there,—
A seraph formed of sunset light,
The starshine, and the purple night.
We looked and loved ; our spirits caught
The whisper of a mutual thought,
And every glance to each confessed
The secret of the other's breast ;
And down the hillside from the height
We fared together through the night.
O life was young in years when first
That world of love upon me burst,
Yet like those older far than I,
The day and night, the earth and sky
Seemed lovelier to my youthful eye ;
And Rhodope dreamed on with me
In love's delicious witchery,
While in our hearts grew, hour by hour,
A passion of precocious power.

I know not why, nor when, nor where,
This rapture dwindled to despair ;
But so it was, and each passed by
The other with averted eye :

Yet still in dreams our spirits kept
Their plighted promise while we slept,
And from the night existence drew
Courage to face the day anew.
So long years lingered by, and left
Our ways estranged, our hearts bereft ;
And then, beneath an alien star,
On manhood's quest I fared afar,
And, severed still by fates unkind,
My heart's desire remained behind.

'T was long ago and far away
She lived who was more fair than day,
Whose artless beauty stormed the sight
By primal nature's holy right ;
Yet still in busy marts I see
Her flower-like face upraised to me ;
And through the city's ceaseless hum
Her sweet, beseeching accents come ;
And when the stars, high overhead,
Shine through the casement on my bed,
I seem to meet her wistful eyes
Fixed on me in a sad surmise.
Ah, Rhodope, no more we go
In tender dalliance to and fro
At lilac time, or when the ways
With goldenrod are all ablaze ;
No more when roses scent the air,
Or virgin snow lies everywhere,
We meet, and love is satisfied ;
We kiss, and ask for naught beside ;
The dear, sweet days of youth are o'er,
And we shall meet in life—no more !

THE GOLDEN MINUTE

Dear Maid, there is a minute
Time garnered long ago,
That hath more honey in it
Than any flower I know ;
For oft as recollection
Dwells on its dear delights,
So oft doth its perfection
Make sweet my days and nights.

The sun was beaming brightly
From the cloud-flecked azure sky ;
The birds were wheeling lightly
Through the windy space on high :
And beside me you sat dreaming,
With eyes bent far away
Where woods and fields lay gleaming
On that afternoon in May.

O fleeting, golden minute!—
I turned, and on your cheek
I pressed a kiss, and in it
Put all I feared to speak ;
And since, when memory lingers
Upon that minute's space,
I feel your clinging fingers,
I see your startled face ;

The scent of late syringas
Is fragrant in the air ;
The flooding rose-light lingers,
The world is heavenly fair ;

And again love's halo blesses
My sight, and you arise—
The sunlight on your tresses,
The love-light in your eyes.

EROS

In my heart there hath nestled a being of light
Since the moment I looked upon thee;
In thy smile is its day, in thy frown is its night,
Canst thou guess who this being may be?

Its heaven is the blue of thy beautiful eyes,
And it seeks for its twin brother there;
But so calm is their gaze, so complete their
disguise,
That it shrinks from their glance in despair.

Yet it lives but for thee, and with thee it would
die,
For my heart would soon break on thy bier;
And this being would fade at my last fatal sigh,
And dissolve with my last falling tear.

Now thy cheeks are twin roses, and now thine
eyes glow
Like the stars through the twilight above;
Thou hast guessed the sweet name of this
being, I know,
For thy blushes are breathing,—'T is Love.

THE GREY LADYE

In sober gown of modest grey
And hat of Quaker hue,
I saw her pass day after day,
And did not dream 't was you.

Forgive me, Love! how could I tell
That you indeed were she
Whom I was soon to love so well,
The winsome grey ladye.

And yet before I knew 't was you,
Ere yet I'd even scanned
Your darling face so fair and true,
Or ever touched your hand,

I used to feel a sudden thrill
Whenever you passed by,
As if my heart itself stood still
Because its fate was nigh.

And when at last we met, it seemed
As if the moment threw
The charm of all I'd thought or dreamed
About love over you;

The Sabbath glory round you fell
As if it were your own;
The music of the Sabbath bell
Seemed rivalled by your tone.

I loved you!—Not as I have grown
To love you since—but when
I felt your hand first in my own,
Sweetheart, I loved you then.

The love, which first took root that hour
So many moons ago,
Through winter storm and summer shower
Hath never ceased to grow.

Its glowing passion-flowers before
My Dearest's feet I cast,
For you to wear forevermore,
My first love and my last.

“SWEETHEART, IN THEE”

Sweetheart, in thee my hopes behold
The image that their dreams foretold;
In thee my longing eyes can trace
The goal of life's unfinished race,—
The earthly prize of heavenly mould.

The yearnings that I felt of old
For world-wide fame and wealth untold
Are now my homage to the grace,
Sweetheart, in thee.

In summer's heat, in winter's cold,
In autumn's glow of red and gold,
The vision of thy love-lit face
Reminds my heart in every place
Of all my circling arms enfold,
Sweetheart, in thee.

"TO ONE I LOVE"

(RONDEAU BY AN IMPECUNIOUS LOVER.)

To one I love, go, Roundelay ;
There's naught to send, but much to say :
Tell her, although we may not meet,
Our hearts are one where'er they beat,
Our souls unite each time we pray.

Tell her that soon a golden way
I'll find, wherethrough I shall foraye
Be joined at last in joy complete
To one I love.

Then should she ask, in mock dismay,
"What! naught to send?" Make answer, Nay ;
For you what have I that is meet
Which is not yours already, Sweet?
Long since I gave my heart away
To one I love.

LOVE AND TIME

(A SEQUENCE IN VERSE.)

I

THE LOVER

The clock has struck five, and the twilight is
falling,
And the sky is all hid by gray clouds from
the view,
And the wind to the snowflakes is whistling
and calling
As here in the dusk I sit thinking of you.

O to see your dear face in the daylight's last
glimmer!

O to hear your light step as you hitherward
glide!

O to know, as the twilight grows dimmer and
dimmer,

That soon you will nestle close, close to my
side!

I am lonely without you, my heart's dearest
treasure;

I would seek in your arms, on your lips, in
your smiles

The rest and the peace and the strength without
measure

That now are kept from me by miles upon
miles.

In your faith I am strong, by your trust I am
rendered

More worthy of life, of your love, and of you;
But oh! for your presence by Providence
tendered

As a potent incentive to dare and to do.

II

THE BRIDE

In rosy light she stands, her shrine the porch

Of this sequestered Chapel on the Hill,

And fires his heart with love's hot torch

And fans the flame that makes his pulses
thrill,

Her gray eyes still

Encouraging it to scorch

And sear his will

That should but may not draw him from her
till
His eyes have gazed their fill.

How doth she look?—Like Love!
How doth she smile?—Like Heaven!
How doth she greet him?—Like a truant dove
That, stooping from above
To be forgiven
Her errant flight, doth softly coo
Meek penitence and promises to rove
No more away from you.

In rosy light she stands, a shape of joy
And radiant loveliness and rare delight;
Demure and coy,
Yet not averse to close her maiden flight,
To feel she is the fairest in his sight.
To nestle trustingly against his breast,
Kissing him shyly in the rose-red light,
Loving him wholly and so finding rest.

So rest forever, Sweet,
While years repeat
Their mystic drama and the seasons fleet—
While heaven doth still increase
The love that with life's ending shall not cease.
And hand in hand
Ye seek the Golden Land
Where flows the Fountain of Perpetual Peace.

III

THE HONEYMOON

In love abiding through the years to be,
No more they'll chafe at life's confining bars ;
For they have known the grandeur of the sea,
The glory of the stars.

And out of that gold sunshine and gray shade,
Moonlight and starlight sweet on oak and
elm
And green of earth and ocean's blue, was made
Love's rainbow-cinctured realm.

And hand in hand, twin-hearted, forth they fare
By day and night toward the Nightless Day ;
And ever, in communion sweet, they share
One hope, one heart, one way.

IV

THE LOSS

Though the sun of his hope had eternally set,
There were flashes of pleasure that brightened
life yet ;
And the night was not dark while the star of
her love
Aye unchangingly glowed in the blackness
above.

But the star disappeared when the angel of
death
With icy touch froze the warm fount of her
breath ;

And no joy plays around the dun cloud of despair
That o'ershadows his heaven now she is not there.

V

THE HOPE

O thou whose face, love's lustrous harbinger,
Shone star-like through the dream-clouds of
my youth,
Silvering them o'er with sudden glory, thou
Whose constant, sweet companionship hath
touched
The dull, base metal of my failing years
And turned it into purest gold, and whose
Unselfish spirit hath inspired with charm
The seasons of the past—be near me now!
And as the shadow of the Darkness falls,
O shine upon me from the other world,
Dear Presence, and once more slip thou thy
hand
In mine, and light my awful gloom, and lead
Me safely through the Valley of the Shade
To life eternal, with thee there to dwell
From age to age in bliss forevermore.











